Enter K. Iohn, Baſtard, Pandulph, *and many Prieſts with them.*

Thus *Iohn*, thou art abſolu'd from all thy ſinnes,
And freed by order of our Fathers curſe.
Receiue thy Crowne againe with this prouiſo,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy Rome.
Ioh. I hold the ſame as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your holineſſe for your kindneſſe ſhewne.
Philip. A proper ieſt, when Kings muſt ſtoop to Friers,
Need hath no law, when Friers muſt be Kings.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, the Prince of France,
With all the Nobles of you Graces Land
Are marching hitherward in good array.
Where ere they ſet their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But Douer Caſtle which is hard beſiegd.
Pan. Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they ſhall know his Holineſſe hath power,
To beate them ſoone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewis, Melun, Salisbury, Eſſex, Pembrooke, *and all the Nobles from* France *and* England.

Lewis. *Pandulph*, as gaue his Holineſſe in charge,
So hath the Dolphin muſtred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greateſt part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerſe with *Iohn* that is accurſt.

Pand.

Pan, *Lewis* of France, victorious Conqueror,
Whoſe ſword hath made this Iland quake for fea
Thy forwardneſſe to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be re munerated to the full:
But know my Lord, K. *Iohn* is now abſolu'd,
The Pope is pleas'd the Land is bleſt agen,
And thou haſt brought each thing to good effect.
It reſteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to France againe,
For all is done the Pope would wiſh thee doe.
Lewis. But als not done that *Lewis came to doe.*
Why *Pandulph*, hath King *Philip* ſent his ſonne
And beene at ſuch exceſſiue charge in warres,
To be diſmiſt with words? King *Iohn* ſhall know,
England is mine, and he vſurps my right
Pand. Lewis I charge and thy, complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curſe,
That thou withdraw thy powers to France againe,
And yeeld vp London and the neighbour townes
That thou haſt taue in England by thy ſword.
Melun. Lord Cardinall by *Lewis* princely leaue
It can be nought but vſurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,
Thus to inſult on Kings of Chriſtendome,
Now with a word to make them cary armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This muſt not be: Prince *Lewis* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curſe their bellies full.
Baſt. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prin
To England and the Crowne of Albion,
But ſuch a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope,
Then muſt the Dolphin ceaſe, ſith he hath ceaſt:
But ceaſe or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land